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No. 17.

Midsummer Term, 1923.

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The Académite.

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Midsummer Term, 1923.

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RUSSELL E. CHESTER, B.A.

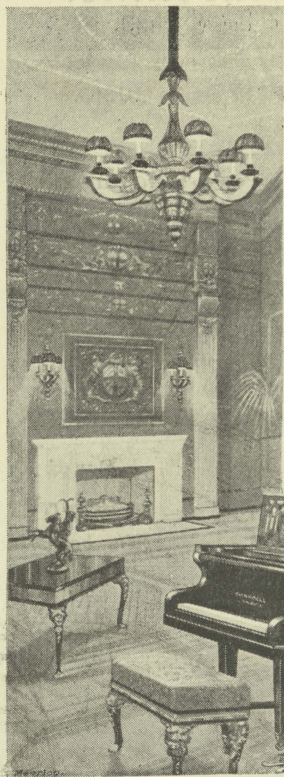
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The Académite.

William Byrd. 1543-1623.



THE 20th century is witnessing a remarkable revival of our Elizabethan music: cheap reprints of 16th century madrigals and anthems are being issued by every publisher of enterprise to-day. Certain modern English composers have lately been studying these works, as is evident by their compositions; also the numerous English choral societies are singing this music which (with a few exceptions) was barely known twenty years ago. Histories had been written which praised our Elizabethans—German ones in particular—but farther than that, for nearly three centuries, our knowledge of them did not go. Byrd, Bull, Morley, Weelkes, Wilbye, very interesting in history, but how crude compared with our “watery Mendelssohn” composers of the last century! The pendulum has swung back at last, and now in this age of experiments, the Elizabethans, who also were prone to experimenting (particularly Weelkes), are coming on top again. These experiments (vulgarly called “crudities”) so distressed the earlier Victorians that they edited these gentlemen with all angularities altered to fit their complacent ideas of what harmony should be. However, the new school which arose in England about the '80's altered this shocking vandalism, and to these later transcribers—such as G. Arkwright and the Rev. Fellowes—we owe much gratitude. Not enough of Elizabethan music has been published as yet to warrant any complete discussion of the great composers of that age, but this much is certain, that a very high position (if not the highest) will have to be given to “Master William Byrd,” whose tercentenary we celebrate this year.

The biographical details of Byrd's life are scanty compared with those of more modern composers, but in comparison with his contemporaries our knowledge of him is quite large. Born, at the end of Henry VIII.'s reign, in 1543 (according to his Will, found some years ago), his native home is unknown. In 1563 we find him organist of Lincoln Cathedral, and in 1569 he became a member of the Chapel Royal, a post which he held in name until his death. Byrd does not appear to have attended the Chapel Royal much, as he lived mostly away from London. There is also another reason, in that Byrd was rather of the Vicar of Bray type. There can be no doubt that he was at heart a Roman Catholic throughout his life. His Will testifies that “he trusts to live and dye a true and perfect member of God's holy Catholick church—without which I believe there is no salvation for me.” Towards the end of his long life his real belief was known publicly, as we find him more than once termed “a Popish recusant.” When Morley in 1601 edited the “Triumphs of Oriana” (a collection of madrigals by contemporary composers) in honour of Queen Elizabeth, it is noteworthy that Byrd, Philipps and Deering, all well-known madrigal writers, and all Romanists, are absent. Whether their known religious views accounted for this is not certain; it seems probable, though, as Morley was Byrd's pupil, and so esteemed his master that in one place he speaks of him “as my loving master never without reverence to be named of musicians,” surely he would not have passed over Byrd if there were not reasons other than artistic.

In 1575 Queen Elizabeth granted a patent to "Byrd and Tallys (Byrd's master), her Majesty's servants," whereby "to print and sell music English or Foreign, and to rule, print and sell music paper for 21 years, and all other printers were forbidden to infringe this licence under penalty of 40 shillings." Whether this patent, which must have aroused much jealousy, was a financial success, we do not know. Byrd soon took advantage of it to publish some of his own compositions; in 1575 appeared "Cantiones Sacrae" in 4, 5 and 6 parts. This book of anthems contained many by Tallis as well. In 1588, after the death of Tallis, Byrd published a collection entirely of his own works—"Psalmes, Sonets, and Songs of sadness and pietie made into musicke of 5 parts." Likewise about this time appeared his three famous masses for the Roman Church. Here is probably his greatest work: the first in 3 parts is slight but of great beauty; the 2nd in 4 parts is bigger and more grandiose; at the end is a most wonderful "fading-away" effect at the words—*donna nobis pacem*—(short drooping phrases above a slow moving bass)—which is unforgettable to anyone who has been fortunate enough to hear it; the 3rd is in 5 parts and on a bigger scale than the others; it is the most frequently heard of the three. Dr. E. Walker says of them—"They are together the greatest masses by an Englishman, and although they may not be so broad as Palestrina, are yet more human and personal." Fine and austere he is in his anthems as well; in religious music he is at his best. The madrigals suffer for this, as they are sometimes too ponderous and compare badly with Wilbye or Morley's light touch. This has been suggested as another reason for his non-inclusion in the "Triumphs of Oriana."

Byrd produced many other books of madrigals, but we must for a moment look at another side of his writing, that is, his virginal music. Queen Elizabeth was an accomplished player on the virginal, and much encouragement was given to composers of the day to write for that instrument. Much of their music we know through various books which have come down to us, such as the FitzWilliam collection, and Lady Nevil's book. John Bull bears the palm for virtuosity, but Byrd's pieces are more musicianly. The variation form was much used by all Elizabethan composers and Byrd in particular; those on the "Carman's whistle" and "O mistress mine" themes are delightful even to-day. [Granville Bantock has edited for the piano an excellent selection of Byrd's virginal music, published by Novello.]

Very little is known of the latter part of Byrd's life. In 1598 he was living at Stondon in Essex, where he was several times publicly accused of Popish tendencies, but apparently nothing very serious ever happened to him. On July 4th, 1623, the cheque-book of the Chapel Royal recorded the death of "William Byrd, a Father of Musicke," at the age of eighty years.

DERICK ASHLEY.

Even-Call.

O! Souls! Come back across the waste
Until the Morning glad!
Come back and go not on with haste
Into the midnight sad!
So many Souls that raptures taste
Such lives of Sorrow had!

Come back, O! Worn in ceaseless fight,
Who failed in fields afar!
What Stars more wondrous in their flight
Than in their falling are!
What Soul that prayeth in the Night
But goeth forth in power!

L. GIRDLESTONE.

The Knights of the Round Table.



HE history of the birth and development of this famous Romance throughout the Christian era is of such enthralling interest as to constitute in itself a romance of the highest order.

We are told by the French that a great British King lived in the fifth and sixth centuries, and that his striking personality called into being a goodly fellowship of noble Knights who did battle for the freedom of their country, for the honour of their women, and for the glory of Christ. This story was first sung by the bards of Brittany and Wales; both countries claim Arthur for their own. Thus was the song handed on from generation to generation, as in the days of Homer or of the Hebrew law givers.

The first Western writer to mention Arthur was Marcus Scotigena, a French historian of the ninth century, and the *trouvères* of the north of France, poets who composed and recited their verses, were the first to give the story its poetic setting in the eleventh century. Geoffrey of Monmouth, for the English Court, in 1147, wrote the story in Latin prose, the language then of the lettered people of England. This Latin version was translated into French, which was in its birth throes, hence the story is of great importance in considering the French language. Here again, this "*délicieuse légende*" was enriched by the poets of that country, and in 1170 Chrestien de Troyes produced his *chef d'œuvre* in rhymed verse, "*The Story of the Knights of the Round Table*." Tristan and Yseult also appeared at this time, written by two Anglo-Norman writers. Again the story came back to us, having taken on a distinctive dress from the psychology and chivalry of the French. Up to this point in its history, the narrative had dealt solely with daring adventures and chivalrous battles, the outcome of animal courage and physical strength.

Now the romance entered upon a new phase. Walter Map, an Englishman, conceived the idea of adding to the deeds of these noble Knights, a truly noble adventure, the Quest of the Holy Grail. This spiritual addition is of the utmost importance; without it, the romance might have perished.

With its added glory the book returned to France, there further to be enriched.

And now the fifteenth century holds for us that part of the book's story which is of the greatest significance. Sir Thomas Malory, drawing upon French, Celtic, Latin, and possibly Eastern versions of this fascinating tale, gave us our first English translation of "*The Knights of the Round Table*." Caxton deemed it worthy of a place among the first books he printed, and it was issued in 1485.

As a work of art this book of Malory's is considered by many critics, something less than famous; its significance lies in the extent of its influence on the world of English letters subsequent to its appearance. Milton thought much of it, Spenser came under its spell, later, Sir Walter Scott must have been deeply steeped in its lore, and nineteenth century poets are greatly indebted to the work of Sir Thomas Malory; the famous "*Idylls*" of Tennyson, the incomparable "*Tristram*" of Matthew Arnold, are sufficient proof of the strength of appeal in the old Arthurian legend.

In the world of music, this old theme has given rise to Richard Wagner's "*Lohengrin*" and "*Tristan*," whilst "*Parsifal*" is almost universally considered the climax of German opera.

The roots of this delightful legend are to be found, it is said, in many and various lands; it is not amazing, then, that the branches of the tree that has flourished are verdant, gay and fruitful beyond description.

ELIZABETH HACKER.

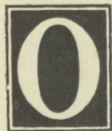
Joie de Vivre.

—It irks me when men say :
 "This world is full of misery and pain,
 With tears we enter, go with tears at last,
 And walk in toil and sorrow all our days."
 Thrice fools! The earth's a heaven of delight
 If you'll but make it so—*You*, you're at fault
 If all your days are sorrowful and sad;
 For my part, I am nearer far to burst
 My very heart for joy than pine for grief.
 Who says the world is sad has never seen,
 Has never heard, felt, loved—nay, never *lived*.
 "The world is grey"—Ah, had you ever raised
 Your eyes to Heav'n, when summer sun shone clear
 In sky the glorious blue of burning noon,
 With ghosts of clouds in strange fantastic shapes;
 Or once at early evening, when the deep
 Rich sapphire to the palest turquoise hue
 Had faded, golden clouds like fairy boats
 Sailing the magic sea; had you but watched
 The golden blush to rosy red, the blue
 Shimmer with mauve and green and pink, why then
 You would not say the world was grey again.
 Nor, had you gazed out on a starry night
 When, high up in the South, the crescent moon
 Blazed like a silver bow upon the sky's
 Rich velvet diamond-studded robe, would you
 Have said the earth was dull—and what of trees,
 And woods and fields and little meadow-flowers
 Scattered by Nature's generous hand throughout
 The length and breadth of all this lovely land?
 Each tree's a symphony of noble form
 And sensitive colours—and have you not marked
 That every flower that grows has beauties three,
 Of shape first, second colour, and then scent?
 And, oh, the hills, kissed by eternal breezes,
 Stretching away to blue infinities,
 Reality to misty vapour fading . . .
 —To climb up, panting, a steep cliff-side, then
 To stride along the top, and let the wind
 Whistle about one's ears, and sing such songs
 Of joyful exultation that one laughs
 Aloud, with head thrown back, and sings wi' the wind . . .
 —Oh, life is good, my brothers, while you're young.
 Each season has its joys—I love them all—
 Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter—oh,
 The thrilling call of Spring, that sends the blood
 Surging throughout the veins (and yet, poor fools,
 The earth's great re-awakening leaves you sleeping);
 The sensuous luxury of summer days;
 The well-nigh overpowering autumn glory;
 The crisp tang of the frosty air of winter
 And bold lines of the leaf-divested trees. . . .
 —And when one's old, must one needs then be sad?
 Oh, think not for one moment friends, that age

Has not its joys too, though they be less wild,
 Less vivid than the keen delights of youth—
 I say, the World is good, and life's a joy,
 If one but take it rightly (that's a trick
 Best learnt when young, lest it become too hard
 To grasp)—Ay, while the sun with cheering light
 Still shines, and while there's still a sky above
 Azure or starry, still are trees and streams,
 Children and music, breezes and green plants;
 While still we've eyes to see and ears to hear
 The wondrous, tender beauties all around,
 And hearts to swell with love because of them,
 Then is the world most excellent for man.
 But when the sun's most glorious light is quenched,
 And thickest darkness tightly wraps the earth,
 Crushing and stifling her very breath;
 When youth is sad, and age worse misery,
 And when men's hearts are dried and withered up
 To feel no pulsing Love nor thrills of Praise,
 Then say indeed: "This world's a sorry place,
 —God grant we soon may leave it"—God? Nay, nay;
 Ev'n God is not, when Love and Light are gone,
 And if no God, no life but living death.
 Oh, if men would but love to live, they might
 Then live to love—for Beauty's love and life.
 Then say not, brothers, that the world is sad,
 But let its precious beauty melt your hearts
 To love the earth, your fellow men and God.

Horace.

By HARRY FARJEON.



ONE of my professional experiences? Well, there was the influx of Horace. I may as well tell you about that.

Before Horace influxed, Room 62 was a peaceful, a reposeful, not to say a somnolent spot. Nice tea, with no obligation to go shares; pleasantly garrulous conversation, entirely under my own control—oh, everything the middle-aged heart could desire. Windows closed, of course, but it isn't always June, and even June isn't always. Yes, those were days. And then came Horace.

At the entrance exam, his ingenuous demeanour won him almost instant favour.

"I want to know," said the lad, "all about Consecutive Fifths."

"For what purpose?" enquired our wary Curator. (These are modern times.)

"For the purpose," replied Horace, with an earnestness compelling in its sincerity, "for the purpose of avoiding them."

I believe there is no other instance of an admission candidate being passed and also having his entrance fee returned to him.

Well do I remember receiving the letter asking me to take Horace into my class. Drafted, it was, by the Board of Directors, and signed, it was, by our gracious President himself.

"Other pupils we impose; Horace, we confer." This is but one of the enticing phrases that drew my eager telegram:

"Accept. 1.20 Wednesdays." (My luncheons are the laughing-stock of the Professors' Room.)

The appointed hour found me in Room 62, pleasantly palpitating. I am not generally nervous on meeting new pupils, but I was aching to be loved by this pure soul. Also I was hoping that he had not seen certain of my compositions.

He called me "Master" at once: a thing I had always longed for.

"Master!" said Horace, "I am come to learn about Consecutive Fifths."

I told him. I carefully explained, and gave him examples, and the wince he winced was a wince indeed. He did not wince (I could see that) as do so many: because they know it is expected of them.

"This lad," I murmured to myself, "will go far."

At his second lesson he turned up with no work, but with a pile of dictionaries. With shining eyes he addressed me:

"Master! Should not the term be, rather than Consecutive, Adjacent Fifths?"

"Your idea," I began, "is —"

"These abominations," went on Horace, "border one another temporally in actual performance, but also they are, on paper, spatially related. Whether the word Consecutive accurately conveys . . ." and his voice trailed into meditative rumination which I somehow dared not disturb. At length, however, I ventured:

"In dealing with two root positions standing at the distance of a second —"

"I can find no flaw in Adjacent," continued the lad, motioning me with his left hand to be silent. "No fault or flaw at all. And yet . . . Who knows? . . . Yes. . . . No. . . . These vital matters have much of awe in them. There will be restless nights for me, Master."

There were certainly restless days for me. The wretched youth argued the pros and cons of his new-found word lesson after lesson—argued, not with me, you understand (he would not have been so impolite): no, he let me sit there and hear him argue with himself. And he always turned up. Once he even appeared under the stress of disease: woefully wan and inordinately pale.

"You were better in bed, Horace." (This in my kindest vein: Manner No. 32b—For Pupils One Slightly Fears.) "Retire thither, my dear boy. I will mark you Absent with Permission."

"In Holst's Hymn to Jesus," he moaned, "which I heard last night, they were so indubitably adjacent. And yet . . . Who can really say?"

It was in his fourth term that he almost ran along the corridor from the lift and presented himself, his face a-beam.

"Contiguous!" he nearly shouted. "Contiguous fifths! Does not that solve the difficulty?"

"It does!" I brightly responded, "and now, about the Leading Note. On two occasions it may —"

"Adjacent, after all, might merely indicate proximity. Whereas Contiguous must, oh, it *must* mean actually touching. But then, again, one wonders whether the fifths *do* actually touch. One wonders . . ."

In the vacation I wrote—in every vacation I write—to his uncle to take him away. But that worthy, an eminent Dean, never notices me. It seems to run in the family. I imagine he is too closely engrossed by his projected work on "The Prohibited Degrees."

Well, that is all. Horace has been with us now for seven years. It would be nice—it would be very, very nice—if next summer I could send him in for Section Two.

The Day.

She sat once more by the curtained door,
 And she bowed her head in pain.
 "O! Green!" she said, with a sob, "how soon
 Has the year come round again!"
 And she heaved a sigh that would make a Shade
 From the City of Dis grow sore afraid.
 "Twelve moons have heard of my toil," she said,
 "Summer and Winter know
 That my journey over the Hills of Sound
 Is laborious, sad and slow.
 And now have five fearful fowlers set
 Their snare for my feet, and spread their net
 To catch my Soul in her pride," she said,
 "O! Faith! but they'd deem it hard
 In these super-intelligent days to be
 Just a Minstrel Boy or a Bard!
 But to choose the Piano which children small
 Play without any nerves at all
 Is the maddest thing in the world," she said,
 "O! Why is my pace so slow
 When two-and-seventy Lessons mild
 Have pointed the way to go?
 And never once have I turned aside
 From the pathway worn by the patient Guide."
 At length she rose with a scornful smile,
 And by all the Mascots swore,
 By the bristly cat, and the pigs which sat
 Outside the Exam-room door.
 (From Farmer Luck's they had fetched them over,
 The far-off fields of his four-leaved clover.)
 "I will rise up early, I'll linger late,
 I will practise night and noon!
 Till I sway the hearts of the fearful five
 As the tides are swayed by the moon!
 And folks shall wonder in fear and doubt
 By what earthly means it has come about!"
 O! Peace to your troubled heart, my friend!
 May your medals multiply
 Till the glittering heaps of them reach the clouds
 Of your bold Ambition's sky!
 But whether your breast be a shimmering spot
 Like the coat of a Coster-King, or not.
 After all, it's Personality counts—
 O! we practise hours without rest
 Till we get such a marvellous power to express,
 And so little to be expressed.
 For how can you be an Artist at all
 For all your brains, if your heart is small.
 When the earth itself is so vast and wide?
 If you've got a message to give,
 Even the Critics will turn aside
 From their slaying, and let you live,
 For the World must for ever sorrow and sigh
 For the Vision lost in the years gone by.
 And for all her vain and trivial ways
 She is not the fool you would think
 To take a gaudy and glittering cup
 If there's nothing in it to drink—
 If there's not a drop for a Soul that's dry,
 For the Thirsting Crowd or the Passer-by.

L. GIRDLESTONE.

R.A.M. Club. Branch "C."



T is now a year since the sports branch of the R.A.M. Club was formed, and apart from the fact that it is financially sound, it has justified its existence by the work that it has done.

Already we have five sports under the control of a very representative and active committee. The ladies are responsible for hockey, which will recommence next term, and swimming, an exhibition of which is given in the Finchley Road baths every Monday afternoon. It is understood that the members of this Club will be on duty in case of emergency on the occasion of the Branch "B" river trip!!

The men are struggling with cricket and football. It is unfortunate, since most of them play both games, that they are sometimes apt to lapse into the wrong one by mistake. In cricket one is struck by the number of people who try to stop the ball with any part of their body but their hands (we have even seen them head it), while sometimes in football a brilliant catch (obviously by a slip) is made which, if brought off in the other game, would probably be sufficient justification for the immediate election of the player to the committee of management.

However, the Academy easily defeated the R.C.M. at football (we have noticed a certain amount of footwork practice even in the refreshment room), but were thoroughly trounced at cricket, G. Jones being our one bright spot in a very weak team.

The last sub-division of Branch "C" is a sort of mixed aristocracy. It includes both sexes; it resides in the country in no other place than Wembley, and no doubt will be an important part of the exhibition; it travels on the Metropolitan; it possesses a cup all to itself (not one of Mrs. Hill's); it holds its own court and occasionally attends that of the South African potentates.

In such an atmosphere it is not surprising to learn of many strange occurrences. We are told that services are held there every day, and yet in spite of a sort of religious mania even ladies of the court have been overheard using a word which, if we attempted to put it down, presuming we were able to spell it, would be immediately expunged by the editor.

We have heard of another court lady demonstrating her undying affection for a mere man in service by emphatically declaring that they were "one" and adding the adjective "love." We understand that this waiter had only just served her with two doubles.

The effect of this may be far reaching. For a court lady, who had previously been a lady-in-waiting, to propose to a poor man-servant!!! Why, her effigy is expected in Mme. Tussaud's any moment under the title of "She stoops to conquer." Of course, there will be a full enquiry by the committee of Branch "C" into the particular brand of the double which had such an astounding effect; such a commodity might be useful even on committees.

There is no doubt that those of our readers who have studied the lives of Sherlock Holmes, Horatio Bottomley, or have read any book provocative of careful reasoning, such as McPherson's "Questions and Answers," will have concluded that the fifth sub-division of Branch "C" (the sub is 30s.) is none other than the tennis club. Anything else we could say about it would be pretty certain to be censored by the editor.

The social side of Branch "C" is well known to everybody. It was a happy inspiration to join in with the R.C.M. in this department. The rank and file of the two institutions have been brought together by sport in a competitive way, and their friendship has been consolidated in our social jamborees which, in the opinion of all the best people, are second to none.

Such, then, is a brief account of the chief activities of the sports club. There are many other things which might be said; in fact, Grove is already considering an additional volume to his dictionary to be devoted entirely to Branch "C."

We have to report the much regretted resignation of Mr. Heber Watkins as Secretary. We are in a position to say that Branch "C" practically owed its existence to its former Secretary, and that no one can estimate the amount of work he did to make it a success. His powers of organisation were almost unique, and we are glad to report that he still finds time to serve on the Committee.

Branch "C" has come to stay. It took a hundred years to find a Mr. Watkins to set the ball rolling, and it is our firm belief that it will take far longer for anyone else to stop it. It remains for us to carry on the work so well begun, by pulling together and cultivating that greatest of all assets to true sportsmen—

"Esprit de corps."

R. G. H.

Merry, Merry Magpie.

Merry, merry magpie
A sitting on a bough,
Listen, listen, listen,
Come, come and tell me how,
And why and when and wherefore,
Come quick and tell me now!
You chatter, chatter, chatter
To your friend across the lane,
Your words come tumbling, tumbling
As fast as April rain;
And yet you leave me asking,
And will not yet reply,
O! merry, merry magpie,
O! won't you tell me why?

UNA GWYNNE.

Disinheritance.

Give up! Drink deep of the bitter cup!
(Sounds over the world to me.)
Launch out thy barque in the doubt and dark,
Far over the driven sea!
Who knows how near in the Silence drear
Shall My Spirit come to thee!
Let go thine hold of thy joys untold,
Thy wealth and thy gathered gain!
Unloose thy bands from the hearts and hands
That look for thy love in vain!
For thy life was made for the burden laid
On thy stricken Soul in pain!
Renounce thine all, for the ship is small,
Leave all that thy vision craves!
There is nothing there that thy Soul's Despair
Can hold in the rocking waves!
Come out alone to the Lands Unknown
In the Utter Loss that saves!

I. GIRDLESTONE.

Why do They ?

Yes, why do they? Why do the great pianists come such a cropper over Beethoven?

Perhaps I should say great personality rather than pianist, or dare I say "popular idol." Every front rank pianist must play Beethoven; it is the thing to do (oh! the Beethoven habit!). If he did not, we should soon have the critics crying out: "We feel sure Rachmanewski could give us an interesting interpretation of the 'Waldstein,'" or "We are dying with curiosity to hear what Rachmanewski can do with a Beethoven Sonata," etc. He is driven to it; he must appease the critics. He may not be in sympathy with Beethoven; oftentimes he obviously is not! but has not the courage to drop Beethoven from his programmes, and great courage is required.

There are some pianists who have a reputation for "individual interpretations"; while this may be to a certain extent agreeable in some composers' works, it nearly always fails in Beethoven.

But our friend Rachmanewski is confidently expected to play the so-and-so Sonata in a manner different to all other pianists. This he does! How often do we hear Beethoven playing second fiddle?

If I were to approach Rachmanewski (Heaven forbid) after one of his recitals and ask him to lend me his copy of the Beethoven Sonata he had just been playing, I should probably be killed with a glare. I might, however, before expiring, discover that our friend had no copy with him, neither did he know where to lay his hand on one. Our friend, in common with many others, learnt several Beethoven Sonatas in his youth, and, once memorised, has had no need to refer again to the text. When he desires to play a Sonata in public, perhaps after a lapse of some years, mere keyboard practice is all that is necessary. But stay, is it? What about the characteristic Beethoven markings? Why are they ignored?

Because the great Rachmanewski has *forgotten* them! But what matter? His own phrasing and interpretation are as good! *Are they?*

EDWARD PETLEY.

The Fruit-Picker.

Strawberries please the dainty maid,
But cherries give you fun,
You shall have the fruit you love
Now summer has begun.

I get up in the morning
To greet the rising sun:
When the shadow's off the field
My morning's work is done.

For then I've picked the strawberries,
And packed the cherries sweet,
Looked all down the great, white road,
And called the blackbird fleet.

And if you'll come quite early—
At break of day, we'll meet,
I'll show you then wee footprints,
The marks of fairy feet.

UNA GWYNNE.

"Prize Giving."

An Impression after Ralph Hodgson.

Rows upon rows of white
Frocks in the glooming light,
Mystic and urbulous light of
Queen's Hall.
Crimson their sashes blare
Out in the drifting air
Glow in the gloom brooding over
Them all.

Faces a' blur in the
Organs' vicinity,
Run into lines where the flutes hoot
And trill;
Gone in a flash is the
Spirit of revelry,
Even Professors are sitting
Quite still.

Stately Certificate,
Silver, Sophisticate,
Bronze frankly nervous and thrilled
To the core.
Each thinking with a sigh,
"Now, let me see, do I
Take my prize after I bow
Or before?"

Youthfulness incarnate
Stoops not to tolerate
Things second best, be it work, be
It play.
Laughing unkindly or
Reaching out blindly
For joys of the morrow, discounting
To-day.

I, too, have dreamt my dreams,
Thought out wild glowing schemes,
Fiercely determined to capture
A Star.
Burdens we sink beneath
Youth bears with gritted teeth.

Oh, for illusions to veil things
That are.

D. C. A.

Song.

I sought for Love,
And when Love died,
I cried
For Memory.
Now through the weary years, self cursed
I crawl,
Whining for forgetfulness—
But God—does not care at all!

"APRIL."

Diana Dolorosa.

"Does the moon love the sun?"
 Said the thrush to the lark,
 "For when day is done,
 And the pine woods are dark,
 She sails through the sky
 With her pale head so high,
 Lonely and sad."

"Why, the sun loves the moon,
 But the moon loves the night,
 And I love the noon,"
 Sang the lark, "for the light;
 And all the world sings
 To the beat of my wings,
 Earth is so glad."

UNA GWYNNE.

"Solitude." A Cameo.

Laughter out-ringing on the dusken air—
 A crystal flung into the oval pool
 Of silence—and the tulip freshly culled
 [So pink a grey, so softly, sweetly mauve]
 Lies infinitely cool against my cheek.

D. C. A.

Epitaph.

Two fools there were:—

One said that work was blest—he lied;
 The other did the work and—died.

"APRIL."

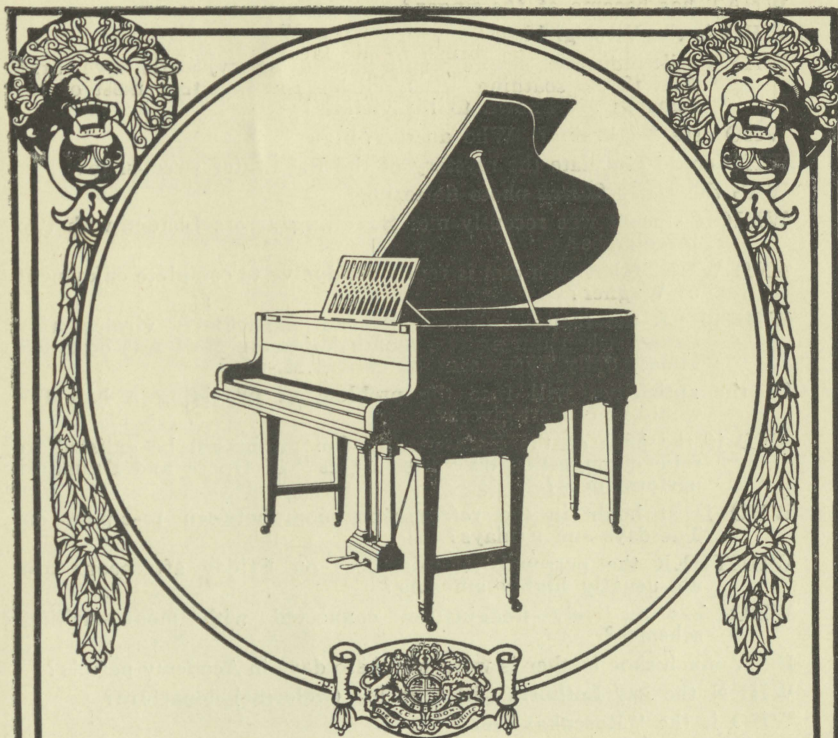
A Song of Youth.

Come and peep at the dewdrops
 That sparkle on every flower,
 For they are bubbles of fairy wine
 Used at their feasts when the night is fine
 And spilt in each fairy bower.

Come and peep at the raindrops,
 They're dancing in every pool;
 They look like ripples of liquid light
 Where sunshine kisses them in their flight,
 So sparkling, so swift, and cool.

Sunlight shines through the raindrops,
 And laughter lurks in the dew,
 The silv'ry voice that calls from the stream
 Is only a part of a rosy dream,
 A dream that is always new.

UNA GWYNNE.



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Guess !

- WHAT has become of *the* singer?
 WHO is the Virol girl?
 WHEN will indiscreet people realise that (Academy) walls have ears?
 And if the scathing critic relishes the fact that most of his
 remarks are known to his victims?
 WHO uses her brains? Who doesn't?
 WHO could elucidate the mystery of the Bayswater sweet-shop?
 WAS the *Daily Sketch* photo flattering?
 WHICH student was recently met travelling across London with two
 large crabs?
 AND WHETHER such diet is really conducive to complete enjoyment
 of Wagner?
 WHETHER the recital epidemic was not particularly virulent this
 spring, when during one month Wigmore Hall was occupied
 almost daily by present or ex-R.A.M.-ites?
 IF the authorities will face the problem of providing a hall for
 would-be concert-givers?
 AND if the help of the Broadcasting Co. might not be enlisted to
 relieve congestion on "first nights" of Opera and Dramatic
 performances?
 WHO is at home in the refreshment room between 1—2 p.m. on
 Tuesdays and Fridays?
 WHETHER the personal reminiscences on Friday afternoons are
 not usually highly amusing?
 WHO has a lively imagination connected with money-making
 schemes?
 HOW much shoe leather is worn out these days in Academy patrols?
 WHEN the gay Lothario will take his (welcome) departure?
 WHO is the "Rosenkavalier" ?
 WHO doesn't like the Academy now?
 IS this jaundiced view due to smoked glass?
 HOW many ladies will be called before the Secretary for
 "infringing" the mirror rule?
 WILL the fringe be used in evidence?

Baby Dear.

Baby dear,
 Do you hear
 Birdie sing
 On the wing
 Sweet golden notes of joy for you?
 In your ear
 Soft and clear
 Birdie sings
 Many things—
 But best of all—he loves you.



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With announcements of the names.

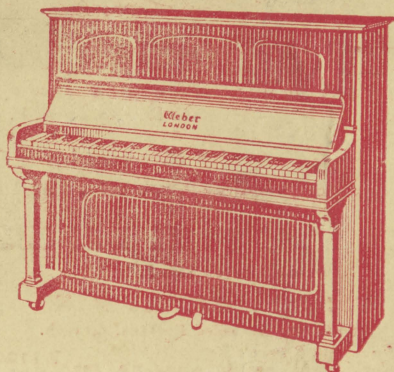
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